

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**DECEMBER
1958**





STREET VENDOR and knife sharpener with pack on his back is shown on a Calcutta street in this picture by Dennis J. Loughman.. Knives and scissors are displayed in rack over his head.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 12, No. 10

December, 1958

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED at the Post Office at Laurens, Iowa, under act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 188

Laurens, Iowa

Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **We are always** receptive to suggestions and ideas for increasing Roundup's circulation. Our problem is mainly to inform CBI-ers that the magazine is being published. We appreciate the efforts of doctors, dentists, barbers, and others in all professions and businesses who keep copies of Roundup available in waiting rooms and on counters. These always catch the eye of CBI-ers, resulting in new subscriptions.

● **Cover drawing** is a Milton Caniff sketch of Col. Phil Cochran, made during the war when the young colonel was becoming known as one of the legendary figures of the CBI Theater. An interesting story about Colonel Cochran appears in this issue of Roundup.

● **Recently a reader** shipped to us a large carton containing photos, menus and miscellaneous souvenirs of his service in India-Burma. His wife was about to chuck the whole thing into the ashcan when he decided we might be able to use some of it. It's unthinkable that anyone would want to part with his war memoirs permanently, but if you ever get that desire, send them to us. We'll share them with our subscribers.

● **Speaking of memoirs**, dozens of readers have promised that if they ever "ran across" their old unit's history they would send it on to us on loan. We'd be happy to borrow yours!

● **We have** only a few hundred decals left of the CBI patch in color. Send five cents for each decal wanted, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Points of Interest

● Compliments to you for the publication of one of the nation's most unique magazines. Each issue of Roundup provides me with points of interest I once enjoyed during my association with the CBI. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT MAY,
Neshanic Station, N. J.

Mapping Squadron

● Still haven't seen anything about or by members of the former 24th Combat Mapping Squadron; maybe some day I will. Keep up the good work on the Roundup. The memories are always interesting, and your photos and stories make many places stand out in the memory.

HERBERT R. WAMPOLE,
Souderton, Pa.



BURMESE TEMPLE on a hill.
Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M.D.



ACRES of fish spread on sand near Karachi to dry, with sacks of dried fish in background. The odor was terrific! Photo by Dennis J. Loughman.

Exciting Issues

● Quite by luck I ran into a fellow who had been taking the magazine for the past six years. After drooling over the many exciting issues I hasten to send along my own subscription. Don't ever let me miss a future issue!

DAVID W. GLOVER,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Chennault Movie

● How very wonderful that a movie is to be produced on General Chennault! They couldn't have selected a more colorful subject. I can't wait until it appears.

ALICE FAY IRBY,
Amarillo, Texas

Jain Temple Area

● At first glance, the November cover picture looked like the gorgeous temple at Amritsar, but on close inspection it is the building across the way from the Jain Temple at Calcutta. I can't put my finger on it, but somehow it looks different in your cover version.

HOWARD A. CLARK,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Possibly the angle of photographing and the omission of landscaping causes the photo to appear different.—Eds.

rickshaws which would race for a hundred or so miles, changing pullers perhaps every mile or two? Why wouldn't this, at the time of the annual convention, arouse interest in CBI people?

CLYDE FRANKLIN,
Shreveport, La.

Splendid idea! We delegate you as chairman of the committee to find 50 CBI men willing to take turns pulling the rickshaws. Both Roundup editors will be first to volunteer—as riders! We'll furnish the rickshaws, too!—Eds.

Food From Heaven

● On page 2 of the November issue is a picture of the most beautiful sight in the world—providing you were a member of supply-starved Merrill's Marauders. A picture of ammunition and food being air-dropped to stranded troops means little to any CBI-er except those who were on the receiving end. The most awful five months of my life was spent in Burma with the 5307th Composite Unit.

DAVID I. BORIN,
Arlington, Va.

Rickshaw Race?

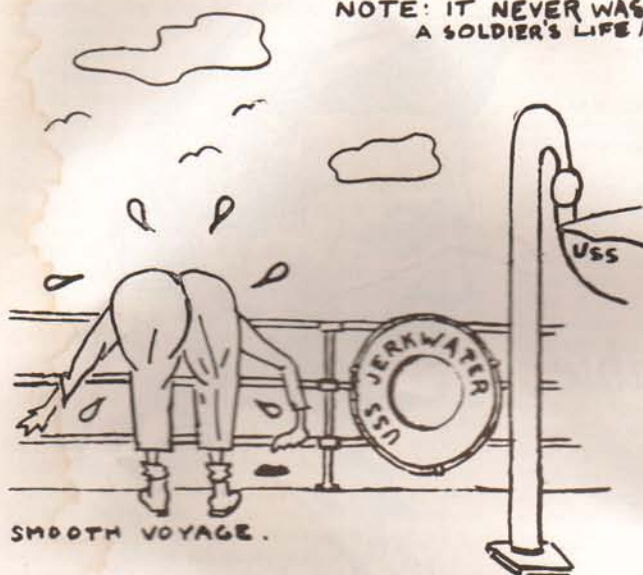
● I am interested in your idea of obtaining publicity for Ex-CBI Roundup and the CBI Veterans Assn. by having a "rickshaw marathon," as mentioned in the editors' column of November issue. The idea has merit and, no doubt, can be improved upon. With so many thousands of CBI-ers, many of whom are Roundup subscribers, living coast-to-coast, why couldn't Roundup-CBIVA sponsor a rickshaw race, e. g., two



A POLICEMAN directs traffic at street intersection in Karachi, India. Photo by John R. Shrader.

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NOTE: IT NEVER WAS
A SOLDIER'S LIFE!



PROOF of pleasant trip (?) is this original cartoon drawn by Cpl. Alfred Scala of the 190th Ordnance while en route to India in 1943, and sent home via V-mail.

Who Tells Tokyo Rose?

● I found great interest in a letter by Homer S. Whitmore in the November issue. He mentions a very secret troop movement which was supposed to have been guarded—the details, that is—by high-ranking officers only. Yet Tokyo Rose broadcast the complete details the following evening. CBI-ers who habitually tuned in on Tokyo Rose's broadcasts will recall every day she "welcomed" certain outfits into the Theater. We figuratively broke our necks to prevent leakage of secret troop movements, yet the little gal knew more about them than the average man in the outfit named. Did U. S. Intelligence ever discover why?

FRANKLIN D. HILL,
Dallas, Texas

12th Air Service Group

● I was with the 397th Air Service Squadron, 12th Air Service Group, in China.
JOHNNIE L. SCHIPPER,
Bellevue, Iowa

'Reserve Heritage'

● Having been assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, attached to the Air Corps, for three years during the war, I found interest in your story "The Reserve Heritage" (Nov.).

NORMAN HACKSTAFF,
Tucson, Ariz.

Invited to Stop

● I have a Standard Oil station on U. S. 136 at Fisher. All ex-CBIers are cordially invited to stop in anytime they are through this way. I was with the 350th Air Service Group at Ondal.

JOSEPH G. WILSON
Fisher, Ill.

Chicago Basha Elects

● The Chicago Basha, CBIVA, elected officers at a meeting held October 24. They are John Meyer, commander; John A. Carlson, vice-commander; Ray Thiede, finance officer; James Slager, judge advocate; and Roman Glombicki, provost marshal. Commander Meyer then appointed Ray Thiede, adjutant; Doc Barcella, Emil Tessari and Roman Glombicki, social chairmen; Louis DeMarino and Joe Pacenti, refreshment chairmen; Bill Mathieson and Bill Moerck, public relations officers; Bob Gould and Ed Janovsky, membership chairmen; and Bob Fenn, registered representative, mailings and information. Plans were also made for the annual Christmas party to be held Dec. 14 at 2 p.m. at the Midwest Hotel.

JOHN A. CARLSON,
Chicago, Ill.



FAMILIAR LANDMARK for American personnel in Calcutta was the Great Eastern Hotel, shown in this unusual photo by Dennis J. Loughman.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met®



Col. Philip Cochran

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BY JOHN R. ALISON
Brigadier General, USAFR

We were both air cadets when we met at Randolph Field, Texas, in 1936. He was short, square-jawed, smiling, his thick wavy hair already prematurely gray. His name was Phil Cochran and he looked anything but what he was: a former choirboy from Erie, Pa. He had instinctive strut and dash, and you felt in him immediately the qualities of leadership that were to make him one of the legendary figures of World War II.

Phil was only 26 then, and just learning to fly, but his rich vocabulary, his irreverence and general savvy caused the rest of us cadets to look upon him as the Old Man. "I am an old man," he used to say with a grin. "A smart man ages fast, the way the rest of you jokers fly."

I was immediately attracted to this rollicking, picturesque Irishman, who loved jazz music, pretty girls and, above all, flying. He was the perfect embodiment of the hot pilot, and no one who knew him was surprised when his likeness, complete with broad grin and rakish airman's cap, turned up as "Flip Corkin" in Milton Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates" comic strip.

"I'd known Phil at Ohio State University," Caniff said, "and always remem-

bered him because he turned up for ROTC inspection wearing black-and-white sport shoes with his uniform."

As we moved along in our training to Langley Field, Va., and Mitchel Field, N. Y., Phil worked ceaselessly to perfect himself and the squadron he now com-

General Alison, the author of this article, is now Vice President of Northrop Aircraft, Inc. Contacted by Roundup about "unforgettable characters" of CBI, he offered the following comment:

"I had the privilege of working with two unforgettable characters on this particular assignment. I also worked for General Orde Wingate, although not directly under his command. Like Phil, General Wingate possessed qualities of unusual personal magnetism and his beard and manner of expression set him apart. He was an unusual leader of men and one of the best salesmen among colonial peoples that the British had. I can remember clearly his instructions to his troops before the campaign in Burma. He was explicit in the manner in which his soldiers would treat the natives of Burma and repeatedly reminded them that this was not a reconquest of Burma, but a campaign to liberate a member of the British Commonwealth of nations. It is tragic that he was killed in the middle of the campaign. It would have been most interesting to have watched the impact of this personality on post-war history in Southeast Asia."

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manded. He loved to experiment, to try the unorthodox. By now I had a squadron, too, and we'd have mock air battles all morning and refight the battles at lunch while the food got cold.

After the outbreak of war I was assigned to the Far East with Gen. Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers. Phil went to North Africa. Under his inspired leadership his inexperienced squadron fought a wild guerrilla war over 20,000 square miles of southern Tunisia. Flying a P-40 which he described as "a lot of bullet holes tied together with piano wire," he ranged over the barren desert in search of German tanks, prowled the dark skies to shoot down night-bombing Junkers. In fact he "stooged around" so often and so widely over the desert that he was able to give the Allied ground troops more detailed information about the terrain than they could get from their maps.

Phil turned his fighter planes into fighter-bombers by strapping bombs to them, and used the technique of skip-bombing. Once he strapped a bomb to his plane and dropped it on a German generals' headquarters at Kairouan, flying in so low he had to zoom up to get over the one-story building.

After a night battle in which he shot down a Nazi bomber, Phil discovered that one of his pilots was missing, lost in the darkness. Phil went searching for him, found him and led him back. "I don't mind losing you, you lug," he said over the radio, "but we can't afford to lose another P-40." Finally Phil had his anti-aircraft batteries open fire to mark the field, then led the youngster down between the ack-ack bursts. "They seldom hit anything anyway," he shrugged.

Phil was no respecter of rank, and on one occasion clashed with Gen. Henri Giraud, commander of all French forces in Africa. The French, for whom Phil's squadron was flying air support, were badly mauled by Rommel's panzers. After one engagement, Giraud shouted at Cochran, "There should be more planes, hundreds more!"

"You've got to fight on the ground!" Phil yelled back. "You can't hide behind a rock and have planes do the whole job."

A few days later Phil got a note from Giraud, conceding he was right. And, not long after, the French awarded him the Croix de Guerre.

Living in a dugout, scrounging for supplies, flying so incessantly that he barely had time to eat and sleep, Cochran became a legend among his men. Once Gen. "Uncle Joe" Cannon arrived at his field and encountered some of Cochran's weary, bedraggled, unkempt men. "Do you mean to say your commanding

officer lets you go around looking like that?" snapped Cannon.

"Hell, General," an unshaven pilot drawled, "You ought to see him."

"Cochran dominated his world from Tebessa onward," wrote Vincent Sheean. "He seemed a kind of electrical disturbance in human form, and he infected the very ground with the delusion that it belonged to him."

When North Africa fell to the Allies, Cochran returned to the United States and soon was summoned to Washington. The Allied leaders had agreed on a plan to retake Burma by invasion from India. Britain was to furnish the ground forces under Gen. Orde Wingate, the dour, mystical Scotsman whom Churchill called "another Lawrence of Arabia." America would furnish the air support, led by Phil, with me as his deputy commander. We were to support Wingate with light planes, supplying his forces and evacuating the wounded.

"But we're fighter pilots!" Phil flared when Gen. "Hap" Arnold outlined the assignment.

General Arnold continued explaining the plan, with a twinkle in his eye. We gathered that although we were to support the land drive, he wouldn't mind if we turned it into an air show. That twinkle was all Phil needed. But how could you make an air show out of flying support for men and mules trudging slowly through the jungles? Then in-



LISTENING to a speech by Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Colonel Cochran is shown (right) with Maj. Gen. Walter Lantaigne in this U. S. Army photo taken early in 1944.

spiration struck—gliders! Why not leap the troops over the jungles to land behind enemy lines?

Arnold, who called Phil "the toughest little Irishman I've ever seen," told him to draw up a list of what he needed. Then we set out scrounging—dogtrotting through the corridors of the Pentagon, pounding on doors to beg, borrow or steal the men and equipment. We got 500 men, pilots and glider specialists; 30 rocket-firing P-51 Mustangs; transport planes; a squadron of Mitchell bombers, 150 light planes and 150 gliders. Our glider pilots trained in North Carolina.

"People that fly airplanes are fool enough," Phil said, as we watched the big, lumbering craft, "but anyone who gets into one of those things is a damn fool." Then, after a few minutes: "Well, let's find out how to fly one of these contraptions ourselves."

After learning to fly a glider, Phil tried snatching gliders off the ground with speeding planes—a new and ticklish technique. He kept working at it, riding in a snatched-up glider himself, until our pilots had perfected the perilous maneuver.

With our Air Commandos finally trained, Phil flew to Delhi to join Wingate. He arrived to find the campaign canceled; scrubbed, Wingate said bitterly, for lack of air transport. Phil stormed that only a limited amount of transport would be needed since, in addition to the light planes Wingate was counting on, we had 150 gliders to haul supplies. Wingate's dark eyes widened as Phil explained that the gliders could also move a sizable force of troops. The general immediately spread a map on the floor and planned how his Chindits, airlifted deep into the jungle, could fan out from there and fight the Japanese.

Phil went before the Southeast Asia Command. Around a table sat Lord Louis Mountbatten and Generals Auchinleck, Stilwell, Chennault and Stratemeyer. Phil's quick thinking and colorful vocabulary now stood him in good stead as he argued for his glider plan.

"My boy," Lord Mountbatten said finally, "you are the only ray of sunshine we've had in this theater this year." The Burma invasion plan was reinstated.

When I landed in India Phil met me, bubbling with enthusiasm. We worked hard at our base in the Assam hill country, getting ready for the big push. We lived in grass huts in the jungle; there were tigers and pythons around, and baboons sometimes ran across the airfield. Morale was high among the men although discipline, as usual under Phil, was lax.

Once Mountbatten came to our field and addressed the men. A returning pilot, seeing the crowd gathered around a speaker on a jeep, assumed it was Cochran. Putting his Mustang into a dive he swept down at 50 m.p.h.—and buzzed Mountbatten's head. The tall Supreme Commander of the Southeast Asia Theater stood there without flinching, but Phil almost fainted. "That damn fool is new here, Lord Louis," he explained hastily. "He thought it was just me."

In preparation for the invasion, our planes began pounding Japanese bases in Burma. Although Phil, now 34, was old for a fighter pilot, he was in the thick of action. On one mission his plane was shot up and he was mistakenly reported killed. That time his hometown paper printed his obituary.

The all-airborne invasion of northern Burma was made the night of March 5, 1944. Our transports took off after sundown, each plane towing two gliders jammed with troops and mules. I piloted one of the lead gliders; Wingate had ordered Phil to stay back at headquarters with him. Our target was a jungle clearing (we called it "Broadway") 165 miles behind the Japanese lines in Burma.

It was almost a disaster. On the way, 17 gliders were lost—many of them over enemy territory. Of the gliders that landed, most piled up in buffalo wallows or in furrows hidden by the tall grass, where elephants had dragged teak logs. We would be frantically dragging wounded men and bucking mules out of one wrecked glider when we'd hear another whistling down through the darkness to smash into it. Finally we got our damaged radio working and, after 46 gliders had landed, stopped the rest from coming down.

Fortunately, our invasion caught the enemy by surprise and there was no immediate opposition. Soon we had a makeshift runway ready to receive more planes and gliders. The next night we occupied a second clearing, and then a third.

We built airstrips in the clearings, and from these new bases Phil and I and our fighter pilots harassed the Japanese. Phil used a trick he had developed in North Africa of equipping his plane with a weight on the end of a cable, zooming in low over Japanese telephone wires and ripping them out with the dangling cable. In one month alone our fighters destroyed one fifth of the Japanese air force in Burma, once destroying 100 planes on the ground in two days.

Then one day Wingate took off on an aerial inspection of our bases, and his plane crashed in the jungle. Wingate,

the dedicated, gaunt jungle general, was killed. After his death, and with the coming of the monsoon season, the campaign came to an end. But Phil's Air Commandos and Wingate's Chindits had strangled Japanese supply lines, contributing materially to the fall of northern Burma to Stilwell's army shortly afterward.

It all seems far away now. The Burma jungles have grown up again over the rutted old clearing called Broadway. The P-40's and P-51's Phil Cochran flew seem as obsolete as armored war horses, but his own qualities of daring and imagination and humor are vivid in my memory. Whenever I think of those adventurous days I see him on the dusty jungle run-

way, gray hair blowing in the prop wash, surrounded by his "kids," the fighter pilots and ground crews who worshiped him.

After the war Phil worked for more than a year at RKO studios in Hollywood, and directed the magnificent air-combat scenes in the movie *Jet Pilot*. Today he is back in Erie, Pa., a vice-president of his family's large trucking firm, the Lyons Transportation Co., and a breeder of race horses on his nearby farm. The last time I saw him was a few months ago, in a quiet little church in Westwood Village, Calif. He was holding a baby boy in his arms, smiling down at him—godfather at my son's christening.

—THE END



LUCKNOW—Forty-three persons were killed and 243,000 acres affected by heavy and incessant rain for five days in the western districts of Uttar Pradesh, according to Charan Singh, State Revenue and Finance Minister. He said that more than 11,700 villages had been affected, involving about 309,000 people; 51,600 houses had collapsed or were damaged, and 840 cattle lost.

KATHMANDU—The Nepal Government has authorized a six-man expedition sponsored by the American Alpine Club to climb and explore the little-known Kanjiroba range of mountains in the remote northwest of Nepal, near the Tibetan border, from September to December, 1959. The highest peak in this range is 23,107 feet and it is flanked by other smaller peaks, all over 20,000 feet.

CALCUTTA—Plans are being made to speedily replace gas lamps in the city with electric lamps. Of the 8,000 gas lamps in existence when the gas supply seriously deteriorated recently, about 2,500 were expected to be replaced with electric lights before the Pujas.

CUTTACK—Radhanath Rath, the Development Minister, speaking on the occasion of inauguration of Wild Life Week here, said tigers were killing annually some 700 people in Kalahandri district. With the wanton destruction of forests and wild life, the tigers had to raid villages for food.

CALCUTTA—The most disturbing feature in Calcutta today is the appearance of "bhadralok beggars." Old and infirm people and children appear voluntarily before courts to be declared vagrants and to be committed to vagrants' homes. There are also cases of mothers appealing to orphanages and children's homes for admission of their children as they are unable to feed and educate them.

BANGALORE—Hindusthan Aircraft Limited has announced the development of a new ultra-light two-seater aircraft, Pushpak. Cruising speed of the new plane is about 90 miles per hour, and its endurance just over three hours. A small hangar will be supplied with each Pushpak.

CALCUTTA—An attractive newly-constructed seven-storeyed building in the Park Circus area of Calcutta has been rented by the Indian Council of Cultural Relations for the accommodation of a hostel for foreign students in the city. A similar hostel was opened recently in Delhi.

NEW DELHI—More than 17,000 Central Government employees are now learning Hindi during office hours at 15 centres in the country, according to a government press release.

CHANDIGARH—The Punjab Government is examining a proposal to extend free education up to the seventh grade in government schools.

HYDERABAD—A convention of Scheduled Castes here recently passed a resolution expressing concern over "Mass conversion of Harijans to Christianity" and appealed to all Harijans to discourage the same.

The Battle for Burma

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BY JAMES A. MICHENER

Author of "Sayonara," "The Bridge at Andau," "Rascals in Paradise," etc.

One of the worst catastrophes ever to befall a beginning nation occurred in Rangoon, capital of the young Republic of Burma, on the morning of July 19, 1947. Great Britain had announced that Burma was to be free, and the cabinet, made up of almost every capable political leader in the new nation, was meeting to discuss the problems facing their state.

Without warning, the doors were kicked open and four youths bearing murderous Sten guns emptied their magazines at the cabinet members. That Burma survived the loss of her leadership was a miracle. It was later rumored that a curious accident had saved the one man who was able to save the nation. U Nu, the handsome, gentle intellectual who has since become prime minister, it was said, had been advised by his astrologer the day before that "tomorrow will be a good day to stay home." Actually at the time, he was a leader in the legislature, not a cabinet member, and hence not present at the meeting.

Even without the cabinet massacre, the rebuilding of Burma would have been difficult. The cities and the rice fields had been largely destroyed during World War II. Insurgent elements, including bandits with no program but pillage, were battling the government. But the courage and dedication of U Nu, a devout Buddhist in the world's leading Buddhist country, inspired the nation. He drove back the rebels, found able associates and built a government. His greatest achievement was to bind up the wounds that divided the newborn nation.

Today another battle rages for Burma, not in the military field, but in the philosophical. The full propaganda and economic force of Russia and Red China is now focused on the Burmans. In no other neutral country is the outcome of the war between freedom and Communism so uncertain.

The constitution of Burma states clearly that the new republic is to be a socialist state: "The State is the ultimate owner of all lands . . . and shall direct its policy toward the exploitation of all natural resources in the Union." Independent

Southeast Asia's young republic is caught in the struggle between the free world and the Communists. And in no other neutral country is the outcome so uncertain.

Burma quickly nationalized the once-great British firms upon which the nation's prosperity had depended. The Bombay Burmah Co. was forbidden to deal in teak. Steel Bros. no longer could market Burma's rice. The huge Irrawaddy Flotilla Co., whose 600 ships made it the largest inland fleet in the world, was nationalized. A hint as to what was thought fair pay for such enterprises was revealed when the government nationalized the main bazaar in Rangoon. Its Indian owners had documents to prove that the sprawling market was worth four million dollars. The government made them accept \$380,000.

In addition to taking over these operations, the government launched upon a wide variety of new business. A steel mill was erected to handle the scrap left by retreating armies. A jute mill would make the gunny sacks for shipping rice. A cotton mill, a pharmaceutical plant of giant dimensions and many smaller socialized ventures were undertaken. A new law required Burma's foreign trade to be handled by Burmans. At this point many observers predicted: "Within five years Russia will be in control of Burma." As if to make such predictions come true, Russia began a series of brilliant moves.

Burma is the world's major rice exporter. The Korean War increased the value of Burma's rice from \$113 a ton to \$226. Suddenly faced with so much wealth, Burmese leaders plunged into many socialistic programs, boasting that "this nation is rich enough to provide every citizen with the good things of life."

Then rice fell to a sickly \$104, and the nation's cash reserves dwindled. Worse, enormous surpluses of rice began to rot. In those perilous days, the left-swinging government of Burma was saved by the Iron Curtain countries, which absorbed the rice surpluses in exchange for machinery.

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Then, in 1955, Khrushchev and Bulganin visited Rangoon. Apparently on the spur of the moment they said, "What this war-damaged city needs is new buildings. We'll give them to you as our token of friendship, absolutely free—70 million dollars' worth."

With what the Burmans call "bewildering speed," the Russians drafted plans for a vast technological institute, a hospital, a luxury hotel, an exhibition hall, a sports stadium, a spacious theater. Next they dispatched skilled technicians—advisers, planners, architects—who began with keen insight into local problems to build the technological institute. All the Russians asked of Burma in return was permission to build into the entrance of each building a stone reading: "This is a gift from the Russian people."

The Russians now began to get substantial help from Red China in pushing Communism. When Mao Tse-tung captured the mainland, he also gained control of the Bank of China, which had a prosperous branch in Rangoon. The new proprietors perfected a ruthless scheme for lending money. The basic requirement: any borrower must join the Communist Party. He there-upon gets his loan at a very low interest rate, with no specific date for repayment. A second stipulation may in the long run have even more effect: every borrower must agree to send his children to the Communist-run school.

I asked Burmese officials: "Why do you let the Chinese use their bank to undermine your government?"

"We don't know how to stop them."

Within the last few years Burma's trade with China has increased 26 times over. The enthusiasm with which Chinese goods are accepted is most significant. A Burman who had studied in the United States told me: "These Chinese products are first-rate. They make a fountain pen which is identical with one of your popular brands, but sells for one fifth the price."

A government official said: "Even if we were paying cash instead of bartering our rice, we would still buy from China many of the things we used to purchase in London or New York."

It is possible that Burma would already be a Communist satellite had not other nations made courageous moves. Israel, herself a struggling new nation, gave generously of agricultural and technical aid. Japan agreed to repair war damage by gifts of heavy machinery and technical aid. India has sent trained engineers and has offered a 42-million-dollar loan at low interest. Holland provides aviation experts to reorganize Burma's airways. West Germany sends

technical teams. The United Nations and the International Labor Organization pour in money and men; the World Bank alone has provided nearly 20 million dollars. In all, about 450 experts contributed free by 22 countries work to help Burma.

What of the American effort?

Prior to 1953, rambling staffs of Americans, hastily assembled for the purpose, roamed across Burma advising on various projects. Then Burma had a change of heart; all free American aid was rejected and most of the Americans went home. Communists felt this was the beginning of their triumph in Burma.

But in 1957 Burma negotiated a new 25-million-dollar loan from the United States with an additional credit of 17 million in Burma currency for economic development. This time the United States government has in Burma just one aid representative, Richard McCaffery, with a few assistants. They are currently helping the Burmese reclaim, at rock-bottom cost, thousands of acres of rice land in the vast Irrawaddy delta. McCaffery says, "We are going to demonstrate that we can provide aid as efficiently and as cheaply as any other nation."

The Ford Foundation has pumped substantial sums plus 29 experts into 20 educational and technical projects. I went to see what the Foundation had accomplished at the technical school at Insein. A famous old school founded by

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Laurens, Iowa

the British in 1892, it is now populated by young Burmans who are mastering skills required in the industrialization of their homeland. This group of American experts financed by the Ford Foundation is headed by P. S. Van Wyck of Seattle, who says, "We Americans have about one year to show what we can do. Because right across the highway Russia is erecting its giant technological institute, with a staff of 200. Then everyone will compare what we six Americans can do in old buildings with what 200 Russians can do in plush surroundings."

Obviously Van Wyck's effort, no matter how hard he and his staff work, cannot match Russia's. In the same way, McCaffery's 25-million-dollar loan can't match Russia's stunning 70-million-dollar gift. In most fields, Russia is far ahead of the United States. In fact, we Americans would long ago have been humiliated in Burma—if the Russians themselves had not inadvertently saved our necks.

Shortly after the first shiploads of Burmese rice were sent to Russian ports, Burmese agents found that neighboring Ceylon, ordinarily a steady customer, did not want any rice. "This year we're buying our rice from Russia," Ceylon explained. And there in Colombo, Ceylon's capital, was the very rice the Burmans thought had gone to Russia!

Burmans have another good reason for shying away from any more barter deals. As one Burman put it: "When we made these deals with the U.S.S.R., rice was \$104 a ton. Now it's climbing back toward \$200, because there's a world shortage. But we have to fill our earlier commitments to the Russians. They're making the profits, not Burma. We thought we could outsmart the Communists, but they got the better of us in every deal."

One of the commodities Burma wanted in return for her rice was cement. Officials expected the Russian cement to arrive, as it always had when imported from London, in tropical packing: five-ply paper sacks or metal drums. Furthermore, since Burma has inadequate storage facilities, shipments should be spaced out, and above all should not be delivered in the monsoon season, when heavy rainfall can rot even five-ply bags.

Burma was appalled, therefore, when in the middle of the monsoon 50,000 tons of cement in flimsy two-ply bags were dumped onto an open wharf. Becoming damp, the cement began to set. And since it was not of first quality, when the Burmans tried to use it everything went wrong. Sidewalks crumbled; "Russian sidewalks," the Burmans call them. Cement houses collapsed.

Particularly galling was the fact that when India agreed to buy some of the cement, she offered only about 50 percent of the price Burma had paid Russia. Producing past bills of lading, the Indians pointed out, "We have been buying cement from Russia at half what you paid in the rice deal. Anybody can buy it for our price—if they pay cash."

There has been similar disillusionment about Russia's 70-million-dollar "free gift." Ed Law Yone, editor of *The Nation*, Burma's leading newspaper, has described what this gesture really amounted to: "As Buddhists we don't like to accept gifts. So in 1955 when Khrushchev made his offer, U Nu said, 'We are grateful, but we must insist upon giving you an equal gift in return. We'll give ours in rice.'"

"So the gift is not a gift at all. Moreover, although Russia maintains she is giving us these buildings, the fine print calls for Burma to provide all local expenditures for extra roads, manpower, electricity, sewers and so on." On one of the gift buildings the proportions will be: Russia to contribute \$8,700,000 (to be paid for in full by rice); Burma to provide \$4,900,000 in local materials and labor, and an additional \$4,000,000 in auxiliary facilities required by the new building. "Actually," Law Yone points out, "the entire cost of the gift will be borne by Burma."

"It's a diabolically clever manipulation," says an American Embassy official. "Since the gift program started, the value of rice has increased so sharply that Russia will make enough on the rice to recover the entire cost of the buildings plus a clear profit of nearly 100 percent."

These scandals and disappointments would not have been sufficient to nudge Burma out of pro-Communist drift, however. The deciding factor was Burma's own disillusioning experience with state socialism, much of it shocking.

The teak crop, once Burma's second biggest cash crop, lags at 45 percent of what it used to be. To improve this record,

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joint venture companies, in which half the capital is put up by private enterprise, may soon be called in.

The deterioration of the once-great Irrawaddy shipping system is evident in spasmodic schedules, rotten planking, sunken vessels.

Rangoon, once the queen of Asian ports, now dozes in the midday heat, dreaming of better days. The telephone system is so bad that it is quicker to deliver messages by runner. Postal service is disorganized and thefts from the mails are commonplace. The city's port facilities have been strangled by nationalization of trade; ships lie idle in the roads for weeks, waiting to be unloaded. Government-owned firms unskilled in either storage or moving of goods allow cargoes to overflow the warehouses. A World Bank loan of 14 million dollars is soon to provide better docks, but until able management, perhaps private, is brought in to organize the port, Burmese newspapers will continue to run notices like this: "We apologize for having to reduce the size of the paper. The ship bringing our newsprint is delayed in the harbor, unable to unload." It had been offshore for three weeks!

Scandals and incompetencies have marred the huge manufacturing plants opened by the state. The pharmaceutical plant turns out a million yeast tablets a day, but no one has figured out what to do with them. The cotton mill purchased the wrong kind of machinery for the cotton available. The steel mill's costs were far out of line with European experience.

U Nu himself has estimated that out of an average year's budget of 21 million dollars for public works, at least 13 million was wasted in graft, bribery, faulty construction and bad planning. Such experiences naturally have slowed Burma's rush toward a completely socialized state. U Nu has listed 50 kinds of enterprises which he believes can be done better under private ownership. Recently new laws were passed providing inducements for private capital to develop mineral and oil resources. Still, U Nu warns: "Our new laws are not a retreat from socialism."

"But this does not mean that we are going the way of Russia," says Bo Let Ya, one of the legendary young men who fled Burma to study with the Japanese, then returned after the war to become the founders of modern Burma. Bo Let Ya is tall, handsome, with brown skin, deep-set brown eyes and white teeth. Like many Burmans, he speaks excellent English.

"At first I had a good government job," Bo Let Ya says. "But I saw that such work makes a man cautious, then lazy,

and finally unproductive. I wanted to be a real industrialist, to show Burma what could be done. So I gave up my good job and plunged into business." Operating within the joint venture system, Bo Let Ya has pioneered half a dozen industries. Some failed. Others have prospered. "My enamel and fish works are doing very well."

Ten years ago a man like Bo Let Ya would never have dreamed of entering private business. Today, in his early 40's, and already a national hero, he feels that his biggest work lies ahead. He wants to show his country a middle way.

As things stand, the United States is not winning the cold war in Burma. The most we can do now is to remain close enough behind the Soviet Union to give men like Bo Let Ya encouragement. Beyond that, we can hope that the country's dissatisfaction with many of her contacts with Communism, plus her disgust with the failures of her own state system, will lead Burma to develop into a socialist state somewhat like Great Britain, and with a similar dedication to freedom.

—THE END

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Laurens, Iowa

Nuns Share Poverty in India

This is the second of three articles from India about the Baptist Alliance round-the-world medical mission. Like the others, it was written for the Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer by a staff member who accompanied the mission, and is reprinted here with permission of the Plain Dealer.

BY JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON
Plain Dealer Staff Writer

CALCUTTA, India—A 10-year-old order of nuns called the Missionaries of Charity and founded by Mother Teresa, an Albanian, works with the poorest of the poor here.

Two members of our medical mission vaccinated children against cholera, at Shishu Bhavan, a home and hospital for sick and abandoned children operated by Mother Teresa's group. It is near the mother house.

A simple clinic was set up in the compound. The equipment consisted of a small table, a wash basin with soap and water, a bottle of alcohol, some cotton and a jet injector loaded with vaccine.

The Rev. C. A. Vrithoff, a bearded brother of the Society of Jesus, in charge of Catholic nurses and doctors of the Calcutta area, sat by watching as most of the 78 children of the institute filed by for shots from the protective gun.

Meantime I sat with Mother Teresa near a statue of the Virgin and questioned her about the order. She told me about Nirmal Hriday, the home for dying destitutes at 251 Kalighat Road, where the sisters care for dying people picked up from public places and brought in by the ambulances of the Corporation of Calcutta.

On any one day the population of the home numbers about 120. The sisters wash, feed and give them medical treatment. Although five or six die each night, almost half of those who enter moribund respond so well to the compassionate services of the sisters that they are discharged to try life again.

The Missionaries of Charity run 13 primary day schools in the open air, under trees or matting awnings in Calcutta. They give some of the children their noon meal. All pupils are inoculated or vaccinated against various infections and given tuberculosis tests once a year.

Last fall the sisters began operating a mobile leprosy clinic which now treats 700 patients a week. The ambulance, supplied by American Catholic Relief Services, visits nine centers weekly. The leprosy patients who congregate in these areas are given sulphone drugs, treatment for complications of the disease and gifts of milk and rice.

A school for children with leprosy has been opened recently and others are planned for the future, since leprosy is a big problem in Calcutta. Crippled and disfigured victims are a common sight in the streets.

General Clinics

In addition, this order runs seven general clinics with 64,000 patients a year; two commercial and two industrial schools for teaching girls typing, shorthand and dress-making, and two boys' schools of carpentry and tin work. Food supplies are issued to more than 7,000 each week.

All of this, and more, is accomplished by 81 nuns, two of whom are European and 79 Indian. But it means a life of poverty and a maximum of work.

The sisters wear barefoot sandals and a cheap white cotton habit. Their day starts at 4:30 a.m. They have 20 minutes for breakfast. Then they have mass, meditation and prayers, and afterwards wash their clothes. At 7:45 a.m. they leave for work. They return at noon and take a half hour for lunch, pray and participate in spiritual readings until 3 p.m., work again until 6:30 p.m., have dinner at 7 and are in bed by 9:45.

"Don't the sisters have recreation?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Mother Teresa. "They have 30 minutes each evening."

"What do you do for recreation?"

"We mend our clothes," Mother Teresa answered.

Between this half hour of recreation and bedtime the sisters sweep and dust and do the housework.

On Sunday mornings the sisters gather up children and take them to Sunday school in 16 Catholic churches, and in the afternoons they visit the sick at hospitals and in Sealdah Station. The order provides for no vacations for the nuns since sickness never takes a holiday.

The Corporation of Calcutta is glad to cooperate with this kind of devotion to humanity.

—THE END



WALL of the Red Fort in Old Delhi. Photo by William F. Moerk.

Increases In Value

● The magazine increases in value and interest with every issue. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

CHARLES E. CURLETT
Circleville, Ohio

Black Hole of Calcutta

● Reference your editor's note on page 18 of the November 1958 Roundup as to location of the Black Hole. I am enclosing quotation from Murray's Handbook for Travellers in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, 17th Ed. (1955) which places the Black Hole at the G. P. O. on House Street opposite Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. I recall seeing the black marble paving and memorial in 1944. Incidentally, I searched bookstores all over India for a copy of Murray's Handbook, the Baedeker of India, Burma and Ceylon. It was then in 16th Ed. (1939). Everywhere I was told it had been taken off sale for security reasons, i. e. fear that the Japs would use the very complete maps and routes. Colonel Robert Bruce White picked up a used copy for me after the war. The new edition published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, can be bought through any London bookseller at 50 shillings (\$7.00).

L. H. RUPPENTHAL,
Colonel, USAF Res.
McPherson, Kansas

Another CBI Death

● Please mention in your next issue the death of M/Sgt. Henry H. Johnson, 3169th MM Ord. Co., Ramgarh Training Center. He died in August this year.

DR. R. E. HARTSELL,
Kinston, N. C.

Hastings Officer Dies

● I have just learned of the death of Major Sam O. Gray, who was formerly a procurement officer at Hastings Mill, Calcutta. He died last July at his home in Atlanta, Ga. He was 48.

FRED L. LAPLANTE,
Birmingham, Ala.

CBI Dateline

● Glad to see "CBI Dateline" back again. Always enjoyed the feature and, having been two and a half years in CBI, am always interested in what goes on there today. Will the feature be in every issue now?

ROBERT A. POWELL,
San Diego, Calif.

Yes.—Eds.

Information Wanted

● I wonder if any of your readers might have information regarding Capt. Andrew (Andy) Rougvie who was killed in Chungking about a week before VJ day. He was on General Chennault's staff. According to the official records he was drowned, and according to the chaplain who wrote to the family he was probably "sandbagged" by a couple of Chinese as he was crossing a bridge without handrails, over a small stream. There has always been a doubt in my mind (I am his older brother) as to the truth of the reports that were received, and I wondered if there might not be some personal friend of his in your group that might give me the right answer.

DAVE ROUGVIE,
P. O. Box 3536
San Diego, Calif.



A VIEW of Karachi Airport as it looked in November 1945. Photo by Arthur G. Fortier.

The Great Rope Trick Mystery



Reprinted from *THIS WEEK Magazine*.
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BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Sir Galahad spent his days questing for the Holy Grail. Admiral Peary hunted the North Pole. Socrates looked for universal truths. My life, too, has been dedicated to an all-consuming goal: for 40 years now I have been searching for knowledge of the Indian rope trick—the most hair-raising miracle of the magic arts since Merlin of King Arthur's court made the giant stones cross the Irish Channel to Stonehenge, England.

I don't mean to say that in my lifetime as a professional magician I have done nothing but gawk at Indian wizards plying their art. Most of the time I have been hard at work plucking money out of the air and rabbits out of hats.

But between shows I have immersed myself in the Indian rope trick—a legend which refuses to die. Libraries abound with eyewitness books on the subject. I have spoken to many travelers who swear they met someone who saw this marvel with his own eyes. And I, myself, have followed the flimsy thread of hearsay through the sinuous side-streets and by-ways of Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Jaipur, New Delhi, and Bombay—gaping at every magician and mystic on the chance that I might find one who could make a rope do his bidding.

Practically everybody has a pretty clear picture of the Indian rope trick. Here's the most common version of it:

On an open space in a small village in India, a native magician and his troupe perform some mystifying feats for the spectators who stand around them. As a grand finale the conjuror takes a coil of rope out of a cloth bag. The rope is about 30 feet long and as thick as your thumb. Holding one end to the

ground, he tosses the cord into the air, and presto! It uncoils and stands upright without support.

Then the turbaned wizard steps back a few paces and makes mysterious passes with his hands. The rope sprouts higher and higher until its tip vanishes from sight in the cloudless sky. The wonder-worker then beckons to a boy, a member of his troupe, and bids him climb the rope. The youth scampers up the stiff vine of hemp. He climbs and climbs until he, too, disappears into the wild blue yonder.

In some versions the story ends at this point. But often there is a more elaborate and grisly ending: seizing his sword, the magician climbs up the rope after the boy and also disappears from sight. A few minutes later, dismembered parts of the boy's body fall to earth. Casually the magician then slides down the rope, commands it to drop limply to the ground and puts it back in the bag.

Then for the first time he seems to notice parts of the boy scattered here and there. He reassembles them as one would a jigsaw puzzle, says a few magic words, and the boy jumps up from the ground fully restored and entirely unharmed.

The feat was mentioned over a thousand years ago by Sankara, the Indian philosopher, in his "Commentary on the Brahma-Sutras." In the fourteenth century, Ibn Batuta, a distinguished Arab traveler, described a variation of this masterpiece which he saw in China. Another version was said to have been performed before the crowned heads of Europe in the sixteenth century.

More recently my friend the world-famous Indian magician, P. C. Sorcar, discussed the rope trick in his book, "Hindu Magic." He expressed the belief that such a trick is no longer possible, but that it once was. "Modern man has lost the secret," he told me.

My own entanglement with the Indian rope trick began early in my career. It was forced upon me by public curiosity. I found it practically impossible to appear anywhere without someone after the show asking me to explain how the trick is done.

Long before I actually went to India I knew enough about magic to realize that the rope trick was just a will-o'-the-wisp figment of wild imaginations. But I trudged from place to place in hopes of finding some illusion that could conceivably have kindled such smoke in people's minds.

All over the back roads of India I had heard whispers about one consummate master of the Black Arts, in the city of Cawnpore on the Ganges, who could still make a rope obey his commands, who knew all the mysteries of Indian magic. This man was literally the "end of my rope."

For several days he explained the secrets of all the family magic. He even showed me their rope trick. This was the cutting of a length of rope into small strands and suddenly making them whole again—a feat in the repertory of magicians all over the world. The rope seemed to remind the wizened, stoop-shouldered old man that he had a question to ask me.

"Sahib," he said, "I have showed you all our Indian magic. Now, you will be so kind as to help me?"

"Perhaps you can cast some light on a dark mystery which tourists call the 'Indian rope trick.' For years people have asked me about a boy climbing a rope which hangs from the heavens. I have never heard of such a thing. It is evidently a wonderful feat which magicians of other lands have mastered. Tell me the secret and I pledge you my eternal gratitude."

Without knowing it, the Indian magician was right: the educated rope is a native of the Western world, a product not of any sublime magic but of our technical knowhow.

Douglas Fairbanks cooked up a reasonable facsimile of the "real thing" in the silent film, "The Thief of Bagdad." Howard Thurston and Horace Goldin performed optical illusions of the trick on the stage, aided and abetted by machinery, special-effects scenery and trained assistants.

After 40 years of training the Indian rope trick, I have finally found what I was looking for: the reasons why the legend refuses to die.

One answer is that after people have been fooled they are incapable of giving an accurate description of what actually happened during a magician's perform-

ance. Given time, their description often becomes fantastic. They confuse two or more tricks, even describe something the magician hasn't done—and couldn't do.

In co-operation with a professor of psychology I once made a series of tests on graduate students who didn't suspect what we were trying to discover. I actually did four tricks and described one which I did not perform: I talked about being able to make a \$20 gold piece travel instantly and invisibly a distance of five feet.

A month after my "show," the class was called together and asked to write a resume of the magic they had seen me perform. Eighty per cent "saw" the gold piece which I had only mentioned.

Take the enchantment lent by distance, add the embroidery of secondhand hearsay, hemstitch with the "mystery" of the East—and you come up with a fabric as far from truth as the Magic Carpet. The Indian rope trick is pure fiction. But mankind has always had an instinctive urge to manufacture the myth that it exists. The idea of a stairway to heaven is a universal dream.

The Chinese have it in a folk tale called "The Theft of the Peach," written about 1700 by P'u Sungling. We have it in the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

I am convinced now that the process by which people come to believe in the Indian rope trick is akin to brain-washing. I am also convinced that it will continue to fascinate each new generation born on earth. It's a towering legend, tough to chop down.

—THE END.



IN THE ROBES of the Indian magician, John Mulholland performs the true magic of India.

World's Craziest Airline

BY SAMUEL M. CHAO

WHEN JIMMIE Doolittle boarded a CNAC (pronounced C-Nack by American airmen) plane at Chungking, after his bold flight over Tokyo and parachute landing in China, he expected a comfortable and uneventful trip to India. Instead he was embarked on a thrill almost equal to bombing Japan.

Myitkyina, half-way station to India in Northern Burma, was falling to the Japanese at that moment. The plane, so Major Doolittle thought, would by-pass the besieged city and make directly for Calcutta. To his dismay Captain Moon Chin informed him that he was heading directly for the Burma city. Jimmie, who usually planned all air operations in which he was involved, had to settle back and depend on Chin's judgement and the C-Nack's unfailing intelligence.

The silver-winged plane, with the character for China, "Chung," painted on its side, landed on the postage stamp airport of Myitkyina amidst the crackle of rifle fire, with the Japs not too far from the field.

Moon Chin coolly stripped the DC-3 of all seats and non-essential equipment, and methodically began picking passengers from the thousands of refugees crowded on the field. When he had put fifty persons into the DC-3's twenty-one passenger cabin, Doolittle bluntly said, "I hope to hell you know what you're doing!"

"We do lots of things here in this war we wouldn't do at home," said the Baltimore born Chinese pilot.

When there were 72 milling and crying passengers in the plane, Moon Chin locked the cabin and told Doolittle he planned to fly all the way to Calcutta.

"With a little stretch of the gas supply I might be able to make it," he said.

Jimmy closed his eyes and prayed as the ship laboriously waddled down the runway for a take off. He mumbled to himself, as he admitted later, "Now I know I would rather go back the way I came!"

Four hours and 12 minutes later, with the ship safely landed at Calcutta, he was warmly congratulating Moon Chin for his coolness and fine flying, and for having saved 72 people.

"It may have sounded crazy to you," Chin said, "but it is only a day's work for CNAC."

And that's about it. The C-Nack was the craziest airline in the world, but also

the most efficient. Because of its own private war with Japan, the CNAC used flying techniques that by all standards should be the world's worst, yet yield the best results.

For three years, flying out of Hong Kong, the planes took off only at night when the Japanese would not fly, or in bad weather when the Japanese could not. The nightly Chungking-Hong Kong run was suspended on a few occasions because "the moon was too bright for safe flying," which made the CNAC the only airline which would not fly in favorable weather. The objection to the moon still held good for those lines which crossed enemy territory.

Flying "The Hump" was such a test of skill that army fliers who have done it received credit for a successful mission accomplished. The old adage "follow the valleys" had been changed to "follow the wrecks." Yet the CNAC pilots often flew the Hump three times in a single day, ferrying vital war materials into China for the American army. When Americans spoke of "those C-Nack pilots" there was real respect in their tones.

The passenger lists of CNAC planes were a Who's Who of the world. Chinese generals, ministers, governors, educators, bankers, engineers and newspapermen were carried in its ships. Generalissimo and Madame Chiang frequently were passengers. It took weeks for an ordinary passenger to obtain a ticket.

CNAC means China National Aviation Corporation, or, as it is written in Chinese, "Middle Kingdom Navigate Air Public Control." Its capital value in dollars was insignificant when weighed against the services it rendered to the Chinese government during the war. To understand the function of CNAC on China you must view it against the background of contemporary Chinese history.

Several years before the war, when the National Government had just gained control of the country, much still remained to be done to make the Chinese Republic a national unit. The Japanese were trying to undermine the government by bribing local authorities in remote sections of China. CNAC was one of the most useful tools in the hands of Chinese leaders providing quick transportation to bring the central government closer to the provinces. In place of junks, pack horses and their own feet, officials traveled by planes, which pierced the geographical and social barriers then existing in China. The Generalissimo frequent-

ly flew on CNAC planes to far-flung districts of the vast country he governed in his task of furthering national solidarity.

The skill of C-Nack pilots and crews has been proved in many nerve-wracking tests. On October 22, 1938, the Chinese government warned CNAC that Hankow was doomed and could not hold out longer than three days. Captain Charles L. Sharp and Captain Royal Leonard were detailed to bring out top personnel there whose duties would keep them at headquarters until the Japanese reached the city. For three days these pilots made fancy landings on Hankow's bomb-pocked field, bringing out 296 essential officials of the government. Much of the work was done at night with the runway dimly marked out by gasoline flares.

On the morning of the third day the Japs were moving into Hankow while Generalissimo and Madame Chiang were still in the city. The Wuhan cities—Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang—were in flames. Captain Sharp brought his plane to a landing through walls of fire. At dusk the Generalissimo and Madame boarded the plane and Sharp took off. Half way to Changsha the plane's radio went dead. Instead of risking a night landing on the tiny field without being able to warn the Chinese air defense system, Sharp decided to return to Hankow field even though the field was being mined for destruction. Only Captain Sharp's steady nerve and good luck saved the ship from striking any of the hundreds of mines on the field and runway. He repaired the radio, took off a second time and flew to Changsha safely.

THE CNAC'S Hong Kong airbase was attacked by the Japanese air force on the memorable day of Pearl Harbor. After the bomb smoke lifted it was found that three DC-2's and four Condor biplanes had been destroyed.

It would have been easy for CNAC to save its own personnel. But in the city were hundreds of Chinese dignitaries, including Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of China's National Father. From Chungking came a list of important people for CNAC to fly to Free China and safety.

As soon as darkness fell, the undamaged planes were rolled out to the runway, and the first DC-3 left Hong Kong for Namyung, the nearest Free China field. Thirty minutes later a second DC-3 took off, then a DC-2. By midnight two more planes came in to reinforce the shuttle fleet.

Within 24 hours the Japanese had guns within range and were shelling the field. The CNAC staff kept on repairing the runway and stopped only when enemy planes were overhead. Flares were lit only

when planes requested aid in landing. Take offs were made in darkness. Three days later the nightmare was over. The Japs had occupied the field. But CNAC planes had saved more than 400 passengers despite everything the Japanese air force and artillery could do.

C-Nack pilots tell many a tale to thrill the airdrome navigators. For instance there is the time Captain Joseph Rosbert and Cridge Hammell crashed over the Hump.

Rosbert and Hammell were flying a routine freight run from India to China when they ran into a heavy gale. The windshield was covered with ice. They turned back for India but the gale swept the plane 100 kilometers off course. Through a rift in the clouds Rosbert saw a mountain a few hundred feet ahead. He pulled his plane almost straight up but was too late to clear the peak. The plane crashed against the snow-covered mountainside. The Chinese radio operator was killed. Both Rosbert and Hammell were injured.

The two remained in the plane five days, wrapped up in parachutes to protect themselves from the sub-zero cold, while they nursed their wounds. The sixth day they ate the last of the six small tins of food they had. Then they tore out the bottom of the wrecked plane to make a sled and tobogganed down the mountainside at 50 miles an hour to the valley below.

The eighth day they reached a tribesman's hut. The uncooked corn they ate that day was the most welcomed food they ever tasted in their lives.

Three weeks later they made contact, through a tribal headman, with a British expedition going to Tibet. The expedition carried them out to India. After a short rest they were back again at their job of flying the Hump.

Another tall tale is told by Captain Sharp, pilot of the "Flying Banshee." He was flying a plane to India during the evacuation of Hong Kong. While landing on the Namyung airfield the plane was machinegunned by Japanese planes. More than 3,000 bullet holes were counted after the attack was over. Mechanics patched the plane with metal and fabric. Only four instruments on the bullet-riddled panel were repaired so the ship might fly.

The ship did fly. Under Sharp's firm control the ship flew the Hump to India for repairs. During the flight many of the fabric patches blew off, and the wind whistled through the holes with a fiendish roar. By the time the plane reached India it was a flying monster, shrieking like a banshee. "Chuck" called it thereafter the "Flying Banshee."

—THE END

Book Reviews



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE SECRET NAME. By Lin Yutang. 268 pages. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

The distinguished Chinese scholar writes a powerful, well-expressed, logical statement of the case against Communism—how it works, what really lies behind its verbiage, and the great danger which the free world faces from it.

CALL OF THE TIGER. By Arthur Powell. 222 pages. A. S. Barnes and Company, New York, 1958. \$4.50.

Colonel Powell, a noted hunter of big game, in a fine memoir recalls his experiences in the thick jungles of the Indian Peninsula, particularly the hunting of tigers and other big game. If you like adventurous hunting, it's your book.

EAST TO WEST. By Arnold Toynbee. 255 pages. Oxford University Press, New York, 1958. \$4.50.

The noted historian and his wife traveled for 17 months on a leisurely round-the-world journey which took them from South America to Australia, India, Japan, and the Middle East. This book of informal travel essays is the result.

SOONDAR MOONI. By Edward Shebbeare. 215 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1958. \$3.50.

The chief game warden of Malaya from 1938 to 1947 tells the story of a female elephant—how she is captured, tamed and trained. Jungle lore is told with sympathy, humor and accuracy. The Honorable Richard Casey writes an introduction.

NOR SCRIP NOR SHOES. By John H. McGoey. 280 pages. Little, Brown and Company, 1958. \$4.

A Roman Catholic priest writes of his life as a missionary in China during World War II, where his health was permanently impaired. Currently he is a parish priest in the Bahamas. He also writes of his childhood in Canada.

A DREAM OF FUJI. By Arthemise Goertz. 425 pages. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1958. \$4.95.

This is the suspenseful story of an American girl trapped in war-time Tok-

yo. Other Americans are caught in the Japanese capital after Pearl Harbor. The action centers about the young woman teacher who faces terror in an enemy land.

RICE ROOTS. By Arthur Goodfriend. 209 pages. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

The author and his family lived with the people of Indonesia at the "rice roots" for more than a year, participating in births, funerals, deaths, weddings, and other activities in an effort at understanding. First-rate reportage.

THE MOUNTAIN IS YOUNG. By Han Suyin. 511 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1958. \$4.95.

Novel about a cold lady who just melts away when she meets the right man in Nepal. Slow, tortured prose in many spots. Hollywood has bought it. It will probably be a good investment, a natural for the matinee trade.

THE FAR EASTERN EPICURE. By Marie Donovan. 191 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1958. \$3.95.

A culinary journey to the Far East, with original recipes. Interesting facts on eating customs of the Far East. The recipes include dishes from Indonesia, Malaya, Singapore, India, China and Japan.

TIBETAN YOGA AND SECRET DOCTRINES. By W. Y. Evans-Wentz. 389 pages. Oxford University Press, New York, 1958. \$6.75.

This is a second edition, the first being published in 1935. The Tibetan religion is explored by a man who has been a student of the religious experience of mankind since 1907. He lived for many years in the Far East.

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY. By Eugene Brown. 152 pages. Pocket Books, New York, 1958. 25c

This novel about a 14th Air Force radio operator was noted here exactly one year ago in its hard-bound, cloth-covered edition under the title of "The Locust Fire." The setting is Kunming and other places in CBI. Paper-bound edition.

THE UGLY AMERICAN. By William Lederer and Eugene Burdick. 285 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1958. \$3.75.

This book has been described as a novel, 21 different stories, and as truth. The scene is Southeast Asia. It deals with our foreign policy and its implementation. The authors are of the opinion that our policy could be improved.

CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

What can be done to promote better relations between the United States and Asiatic countries?

R. T. PEACOCK, JR., Dublin, Ga.—I suggest reading the novel, "The Ugly American," a story in six parts beginning in the October 4 issue of Saturday evening Post. I know this is not the correct type of answer for "CBI-er's Viewpoint," but it beats anything I could write."

WILLIAM H. HENDRICKS, SR., Oak Lawn, Ill.—"I do not think we can better our relationship in any way more than by an exchange of students between our countries. This way our students can bring back with them some of the basic problems in the Asiatic country and their students will be given an opportunity to see the U. S. as it really is instead of through the eyes and thoughts that we are nothing more than a bunch of rich tourists. Money spent by us to help the Indians, Chinese and other nations is wasted money. They do not appreciate our help. On the other hand, if they should tour the U. S. and see us in our work and play as well as in our schools, national relationships would be firmly cemented and the students, now as leaders, will try to better their country along patterns of the U. S., the best nation in the world."

NATHAN WINDMEIR, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"This is a good question, and too bad we didn't find the answer to it ten years ago. Relations between the U. S. and most countries in Asia are far worse today than most people imagine. Occasionally some writer returns from the Far East and in his articles mentions the intense hatred Asiatics hold for Americans. At this late hour, the best thing we can do to improve relations between America and—for example—India, is continue to help feed their millions with no strings attached. Now we have to keep pace with Russia, who is doing the same thing."

DONALD D. KAUFMANN, Omaha, Neb.—"The student exchange system offers the best opportunity for promoting better relations. Stories of our country and people are best unfolded to Asiatics by one of their own who relate their own

experiences over here. I would like to see the exchange system expanded."

ROBERT M. GREEN, Lakeland, Fla.—"It appears that somewhere along the way we have failed miserably in our foreign policy. It seems that it is rather late to be trying to find a way to promote better relations between East and West. The only thing we have to "sell" is our way of life. How can we tell about it to someone who is constantly hungry?"

Col. FRANK M. PEYTRY, Wash., D. C.—"By creating friendships and lasting memories toward those visitors from the Far East who venture to our home towns."

THOMAS MacNAMARA, Elgin, Ill.—"Our big 'public relations' problem in the Orient is Red China. Whether we like it or not, we are ultimately going to have to recognize Peiping. We won't be able to do business with them any better than we can and are doing with Russia. But the fact remains, after the past eight years, Moe's regime represents the only government on the Chinese mainland. It is with these 600 million people we must better relations. How we can do it is for someone more informed than I to answer."

ERNEST DILUCIA, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—"What more can we do? We're sending them food, farm tools, money, and even educating their army, navy and air force men. We're loaning them our teachers, engineers, technical advisors. All this with little or no appreciation shown by the recipients."

Mrs. HARRIETT MILSTONE, Atlantic City, N. J.—"Continue to send CARE parcels to all of the underprivileged people we can. I have received a letter from one grateful family who received a package. Its tone would bring tears to your eyes, as it did to mine."

JACK MANNING, St. Paul, Minn.—"A friendlier, more understanding attitude on the part of all Americans might help. As individuals, I'm afraid we did not always treat the Chinese and the Indians as Allies during World War II."

Next month's question:

Some observers are of the opinion World War III will start in the Orient. Where do you think this might be, and why?

Send your reply to the above question to the editors for inclusion in next issue.



Commander's Message

by

Robert W. Doucette

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

I am writing this article while flying back from our first executive committee meeting which was held in Philadelphia on November 8. The meeting will undoubtedly be remembered by me as one of the highlights of my term in office. The excellent attendance by national and local officers enabled us to make decisions which we think will add greater strength to the CBI-VA.

Before I discuss the various progress reports with you, let me take this opportunity to thank Boyd Rose, the Philadelphia Basha Commander, and his entire organization for the wonderful hospitality and co-operation given the National Officers in Philadelphia. We were impressed with the enthusiasm and good fellowship of all the Philadelphia basha membership which we had the opportunity to meet at a basha affair Saturday evening.

The preliminary National Reunion plans as presented by the Philadelphia reunion committee promise another great reunion which no CBI veteran wants to miss. The city of Philadelphia has the facilities for a wonderful reunion, the Philadelphia basha has a reunion committee equipped to do the job—so all we need is you, your family, and your CBI buddies to make the 1959 CBI Reunion in Philadelphia the biggest and the best. Remember those dates—August 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1959 at the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia.

Perhaps the most important decision made by the executive board was the decision to hold a membership drive starting January 1, 1959, and extending to April 15, 1959. The membership drive will be spearheaded by the various bashas with each basha holding a "Membership Basha Night." On this night the basha members will form in teams to call personally on at least two prospective members. The results of these basha membership nights will be the basis of future growth of the CBI-VA. We have

a great potential—let's not ignore the challenge. Prizes to individuals and to bashas based on greatest number of new national members and to bashas also on greatest percentage of increase will be awarded. Complete information will be given in the next issue.

I was pleased to hear from Dave Hurwitt, the secretary of the Merrill's Marauders Association. As I mentioned in my last letter, I sincerely hope that all the various CBI organizations' reunions can be held as part of one big national reunion each year. I sincerely hope that Dave and I can formulate the necessary plans to make the Merrills Marauders and CBI-VA combined convention plans a reality. How about the 14th Air Force and the Burma Road Engineers?

Bill Eynon, State Commander of Ohio, and his state organization has compiled an up to date list of Ohio prospective members and the Ohio State organization plans to really work on additional members during the coming months.

After checking my mail, I find the following affairs taking place during late November and early December:

November 20—Philadelphia Basha dinner meeting; Pearl Buck, guest speaker. Contact Boyd Rose, 1520 Mayland Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

November 29—Holiday party (Deshler Hotel in Columbus), Ohio State Organization. Contact Bill Eynon, 5527 Meryton Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio, for any information.

December 6—Christmas party at Hotel Sheraton, Buffalo, N. Y. Contact Al Taylor, Jr., 2 Plymouth Avenue, Franklinville, N. Y.

December 6—Christmas party at Veterans Memorial Building, Detroit, Mich. Contact John Dawson, 3081 Roosevelt Hamtramck 12, Mich.

Remember, this is your organization. Any suggestions for the betterment of the organization are encouraged. Please send them to me.

ROBERT W. DOUCETTE,
National Commander
6232 Washington Circle
Wauwatosa 13, Wis.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Eds.



SPINNING OF SILK thread is the subject of this photo, taken in a Chinese village by A. L. Schwartz, M.D. In foreground is a basket of cocoons.

Pigeon Company

● Enjoy reading your wonderful magazine each month and only wish I could read some remarks by some of my old buddies from the 280th Signal Pigeon Company and the 3105th Signal Service Battalion. I spent 27 months in India, and the Roundup brings back the old days.

GEORGE J. LINEHAN,
Allston, Mass.

First Combat Cargo

● Served in the CBI during World War II in the First Combat Cargo Group headquarters; some of my comrades used to call me B.G. I would like to hear from some of them again.

ROBERT C. WALTON,
20521 Meyers Road
Detroit 35, Mich.

Miserable Story

● It takes a story like "Misery Is King" (Nov.) to really remind us of how terribly fortunate we are to be Americans and to live in this country. It is easy to see how people like the Indians turn to Communism. They would turn toward anyone or anything that could relieve some of their suffering. I read the article twice and hope every reader will do likewise.

ETHEL SWEITHERT,
Chicago, Ill.

Here's a Volunteer

● I'm able and available to pull that rickshaw 200 miles to the 1959 CBIVA convention in Philadelphia. You say where and when.

KENNETH RHOADS,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

691st Engineers

● May I again congratulate you on our excellent Ex-CBI Roundup. I would enjoy hearing from any of the old gang from the 691st Engineers. Any CBiers passing through Wolcott, Route 104, are always most welcome at my hotel.

EARL HOSKINS,
Hotel Wolcott
Wolcott, New York

Ledo Road 'Steps'

● The picture of the "21 Steps" on the Ledo Road (Nov.) first appeared on the cover of Roundup about nine years ago. This is the most incredible highway I have ever seen. Is it still in use?

HAROLD ROYER,
Rapid City, S. D.

Last we heard it was in a complete state of disrepair, unused for years.—Eds.

Keep Presses Rolling

● Roundup is tops on my reading list, so keep the presses rolling. We all look forward to each issue. I was a pilot with 2nd T. C. Sqdn. at Shing.

E. A. HARRIS,
Broomall, Pa.

12 Years of Memories

● I am one of Roundup's charter subscribers and would like to bestow my congratulations on you fellows for a wonderful job in supplying us with CBI memories these past 12 years. This is the one magazine I receive that is consistently read from cover to cover. Keep up the fine work.

GEORGE I. CRAIG,
Provo, Utah.



UNTOUCHABLES in funeral cortege in Old Delhi, India, appear to be more interested in the camera than the funeral. Photo by William F. Moerk.

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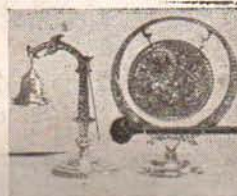
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